

# The Grail

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## I'LL BITE



A sucker, men say, is born every minute. Unscrupulous imposters, who let you in on their get-rich-quick schemes, profit by this circumstance. How often did you "bite" and were "hailed in" for a nice round sum of hard-earned cash? And yet, you're willing to bite again!

But when God, Eternal Truth, tries to "bait" you for eternity by promising you all that your heart can desire, you will not bite. Do you fear a catch in God's offer? Is it too good to be true? Or do you await easier terms because you dread to make the first down-payment on your home in heaven by heeding His invitation: "Come follow Me as a Benedictine Lay Brother?" He makes this offer to you *today*. Tomorrow may be too late for you. For particulars apply to

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# The Grail

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## FATHER ABBOT'S PAGE



**T**HAT wisest of little books, the Following of Christ, tells us that if we rooted out but one vice each year we should soon be perfect. Let us figure a bit on this seemingly slow plan. Suppose we started this improvement at the time we left high school to enter the school of real life. That would be at the age of eighteen. With another supposition we will put our life span at fifty years. That is conservative figuring. At the rate of one vice rooted out annually we should thus have time to rid ourselves of thirty-two vices. One can not easily eradicate a vice without putting into action much of the virtue opposed to that vice. My! What a wonderful change would come over us by subtracting that much vice and implanting that much virtue in ourselves.

In our monastery we try to act on this idea and indeed in the following manner: At each ember week we select a certain point for practice during the subsequent season of three months. It may be some special fault to be avoided or a desirable virtue or phase of virtue to be inculcated. During the present quarter—from March to June—we have a very fine truth for consideration and practice. Somehow I feel that you Readers of THE GRAIL will want to join in with us on this point. You can just imagine for the moment that you are Benedictines at St. Meinrad. As such you assemble in the Chapter Room and listen to the following address:

Now let us realize that it is simply proper to be kind, and here is the reason why: "No man ever hateth his own flesh," says St. Paul to the

Ephesians, "but nourisheth and cherisheth it, as also Christ doth the Church, because we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones." Christ nourisheth and cherisheth us because we are members of His body. Therefore ought we to cherish one another and be kind to one another, because we are members of one and the same body.

Our being members of Christ's body involves a profound thought. It can be explained at least partly by an analogy. Let me ask you: What is it that unites your hand with your brain? You may say, "nerves." But what unites your brain and hand with the nerves? I mean intrinsically. The correct answer is; your soul. When the soul leaves the body, the brain, hand, nerves, and all other parts disintegrate; they fall apart.

Now another question: What is it that unites you and your fellow Christians? It is Christ, by His Spirit. The supernatural element that unites natural men into one body is the Charity of God poured out in their souls. That is why Charity is called the bond of perfection. This Charity or bond of perfection is the Holy Spirit, Christ's Spirit that He promised to send for the noble purpose of uniting men.

Jesus had so ardently prayed: "That they may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they may be one in Us." (S. John 17,21) Later, after the Holy Spirit had been sent, St. Paul assured his Faithful Galatians (3,28): "You are all one in Christ Jesus." To the Romans he said: "We being many, are one body in Christ." (12,4) To the Corinthians (1,12,13) he explains how this unity in Christ

is effected. "In one Spirit were we all baptized into one body." The result of baptism therefore is that "now you are the body of Christ, and members of member." (I Cor. 12,27) In the beginning "God formed man of the slime of the earth: and breathed into his face the breath of life," (Gen. 2,7) namely, a soul, and man became a living being endowed with natural life. Similarly God takes living slime, corrupted humanity, to the baptismal font. There man is cleansed. This time God breathes into him the Holy Spirit. Natural man is supernaturalized; he is incorporated into the Body of Christ.

Some will wonder just what this means: To be incorporated into the Body of Christ. Or, as St. Paul says: "You are the Body of Christ." What does that mean? We distinguish various kinds of bodies. We mention the following: 1. The physical body, 2. The moral body, 3. Thy Mystical Body. The physical body is natural; the moral body is artificial; the Mystical Body is supernatural. Your own body is a physical body. A group of men united into a club or organization is a moral body. The Faithful united by one faith and baptism into one organic Church with Christ as its Head, is the Mystical Body.

We know that Christ promised to remain with us. "Behold I am with you all days." (S. Matt. 28,20) The Word that had been made flesh and had dwelt amongst men, was going to remain amongst them. You will say: Yes, Christ is with us all days in the Holy Eucharist.—That is true. But He is also with us in another most intimate manner. Just as Christ lived a physical life about 1900 years ago, similarly now He lives a mystical life. As He took His physical body from Mary, so He similarly takes His Mystical Body from humanity at large.

The nucleus of this Mystical Body was the little band of Apostles. The natural body that He took from the virginal body of Mary grew in age and grace and wisdom. It abode in Palestine. The Mystical Body has been growing ever since the days of the Apostles. It will continue to grow till the end of time. It will encompass the earth. Fortunately for us, we have been incorporated in that Mystical Body. We are like little cells in that same Body, which is

Christ's, which is the Church. In His Church, in us, Christ lives again, grows again, dies again, will again be glorified.

If we are true members of Christ's Mystical Body, the Church, we are sacrificing, and that habitually, our human personality, our own will, to allow it to be replaced by Christ's Will, Grace, and Personality. That is how the Kingdom of God is spread on earth, in answer to our fervent prayer taught us by Jesus: "Thy Kingdom come!" It comes into our inmost being so that *we live indeed, yet not we, but Christ lives in us.*

Some persons may think this Mystical Body doctrine is too vague for them. But, let us not forget: If we do not see Christ living today in His Mystical Body, then we would not have recognized Him in His physical body in Nazareth and in Jerusalem. It is the same Christ, a Christ Who demands our faith and expects our most loving recognition.

Yours most cordially

*Ignatius Esser, O.S.B.*

Abbot.

### *In Limbo*

KATE AYERS ROBERT

*Four thousand years of waiting  
The joyful news to hear—  
When Joseph brought them comfort,  
Told of Redemption near.*

*On earth we welcome heralds,  
With flowers strew their way—  
What must have been the greetings  
In Limbo on that day?*

*Then on that first Good Friday  
With Demas from the cross—  
They met their Lord and knew Him,  
With no more fear of loss.*

*What joyful celebrations!  
For blest souls waiting there—  
Until with Him ascending  
HEAVEN.... their answered prayer.*



## Impressing God

Robert Morthorst, O. S. B.

IT had all come about suddenly. We had been strolling along peaceably enough for the two of us, when a mutual acquaintance gently breezed by with his nose so high that we ordinary individuals were completely out of his line of vision. That was a bit too much for the Cynic.

"I like the nerve of some people's children," he stormed. "Why it hasn't been so long ago that that fellow was glad to chase after my things when we were in college. And furthermore . . . , etc."

"Come on," I said finally, "let's get out in the open some place where you won't draw such a crowd and where you can rave as much as you wish."

"Drawing a crowd, am I?" he said, "What about it? That fellow on the soap box over there on the corner is doing the same. You seem to think this is a free country or something."

While I was trying to think up something to change the subject, he suddenly turned on me.

"Since you started this," he said, "didn't the Church formerly use some such tactics to collect a crowd for her services?"

"Wait a minute," I asked; "don't shift your ground so fast, you have me dizzy already."

"You don't mean already, you mean yet," he retorted. "It seems to me, though, that I read somewhere that the early Church used to collect a crowd by some praying out in the middle of the street. Is that so?"

"Well," I said, "you're evidently thinking about what were called the stational assemblies. You know, the priest, or rather the bishop, used to assemble the people, who wanted to attend Mass, at some centrally located church. There they would have some prayers before marching in procession to the church where Mass was to be celebrated. If you want something interesting, though, look up the development of our present Orations of the Mass or the Collects as they are called."

"Why look it up," he said, "when you've already done so?"

"Some liturgists," I said, ignoring the inference, "trace this name Collect back to the prayers which were said at the stational church. The people were collected or attracted by the prayers, therefore the name Collecta or Collects was given. That may be true, but there is another reason assigned for the name that cannot be overlooked. It is one that still fits in very well with our modern version of the liturgy."

"The purpose of prayer is to make some impression on God. However, as individuals our prayers must not look so very big in the sight of Almighty God, so we do well to let the priest collect and sum up all our prayers in those he says in the Mass. This he does in the prayer that immediately follows the Gloria or, if there is no Gloria, the Kyrie. The priest collects the prayers of the people present into one big prayer that can and does make a stir in front of the heavenly throne of God."

"These official prayers are generally very old. Many go so far back that any written account of their origin has been lost. Some say that Pope St. Damasus, who died in 384, composed a great number of them. Whatever their origin, it takes but a cursory reading to distinguish the old from the more modern. The old Roman idea of prayer was that it be practical and short almost to the point of curtness. The petitions of the older prayers, too, are usually of a more general character. The early Christians were not so selfish as we; they gave a much wider scope and included much more in a single prayer than we do in many."

"Another characteristic of the Collects in general is their musical rhythm. The natural accentuation of the language is made full use of and often very striking effects follow. What, for instance, can you find to better the sonorous roll of the 'Per Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum?' This intrinsic musical quality has influenced the notes according to which the cadences are sung, so that one who knows the relations can, by merely glancing at the ending of the prayer, immediately tell the musical annotation which that particular prayer should follow."

"The conclusions, too, are in accord with the hint given us by our Lord Himself. 'If you ask the Father anything in My name, He will give it to you.'

"The Amen which forms an answer to the prayers is of Hebrew origin and means 'so be it.' The Amen is a much used word in the Bible, both in the Old and in the New Testaments. Christ used it for emphasis and for attracting attention to some particular point. The faithful today use it in much the same sense. They want to attract God's attention in a special way to the prayer of the priest; they want to emphasize it by showing their unanimous agreement and concurrence in it.

"But to get back to the Collect as a whole, it is a liturgical prayer in the full sense of the word. It is a public prayer offered by the Church in the name of the Church for the Church. Through the mouth of the priest the Church expresses her maternal desire for the welfare of her children in a prayer that arises from the needs peculiar to each day. The prayers are regulated to fit in with the feast or the season and at the same time to show the progress of the Redemption as manifested in the Church's annual liturgical life. Of course, the prayers are all basically the same in that they each contain all four of the elements out of which every prayer grows, as St. Paul in his first letter to Timothy declares. Thus, if you take any Collect apart analytically, you will find that, although principally a prayer of petition, the collect supports this petition with prayer of praise, adoration, and thanksgiving.

"It is this character of petition particularly which shows us the true office of the priest. The priest stands at the altar, as it were, between heaven and earth and forms the connecting link between God and man. Like every true mediator, the priest has something in common with both parties whom he is trying to reconcile. He is man, but man raised to supernatural heights by the powers bestowed on him

in the Sacrament of Holy Orders, whereby he became truly a successor of the Apostles endowed with similar powers."

I paused to see how the Cynic was taking it. He was getting along very well and taking it like a sponge. He even had a question.

"Why are the Collects usually uneven in number?"

"That," I answered, "has a mystical meaning. The uneven number symbolized the indivisibility of the Trinity to whom the collects are addressed. It is probable that at first the one oration was the rule and that others were introduced later on only through private devotion. In fact we find no official sanction for more than one prior to the eleventh century. The number one is a symbol of the unity found in the Trinity and serves as a reminder to us of the unity of our faith.

"Three prayers represent the Trinity and also the three-fold prayer of our Saviour in His agony in the garden. Five prayers call to mind the five wounds, while the number seven causes us to think of the seven sacraments, the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, the seven pillars on which Wisdom founded her house, and other uses of

this mystical number seven of which the Bible is so fond.

"While saying the Collect, the priest stands with extended hands; the ordinary posture of prayer in the early times. The seventeenth chapter of Exodus gives an interesting account of how Moses prayed with hands extended. The Israelites were at war with the Amalekites and, as long as Moses kept his arms outstretched in prayer, the children of Israel got the better of the battle, but as soon as fatigue forced Moses to lower his arms, the enemy began to overcome. Consult your Bible to see how Moses solved the difficulty.

"It is Christ on the Cross, though, whom the early Christians imitated. Then, on the walls

(Turn to page 27)



# Rural Rhapsody

*Cicely Burke*

**M**AY!  
A chorus of familiar voices 'neath my window brought me from the land of dreams at an hour ungodly even on the farm. I listened:

"The May Pole's standing ready.  
This the last verse of our lay.  
Come join us pronto, Mother—  
For you're the Queen of our May."

I bounced out of bed and ran to the window. There they stood all six of the children and Himself. They were watching my window and the minute my face appeared their shouts would startle the neighbors—only the neighbors have grown used to us.

They were ringed about a queer looking May Pole not much taller than the wee-est laddie. A wheel shaped frame topped the pole from which swung six gay May baskets.

The training of the years that required me to be at my desk in a Chicago loop office at 8 o'clock, sharp, came in good. I was dressed and down in the garden in record time.

It was all gayety, each one making a dear little speech with the presentation of her and his basket, but tears crowded threateningly. I forced them back, though, be it said to my credit; made an impromptu speech in response to each, standing there with my arms filled with blossoms and my heart bursting with joy of the kind that the farm offers to all who will take time to fall in with rural fun.

When all six baskets had been presented, Himself lifted a large basket from the center of the pole. Then he lifted the pole and brought pole and basket to me, presenting his May offering with a charming bow from the girdle. One by one I found the six baskets removed from my arms leaving me

free to accept the last. I found in this basket a can of fish worms. While I was undergoing panic that threatened the stock of bait, one big lad took them from me, and another loosed the string that held the wrapping of the pole, and extended—a rod equipped for the casting!

And armies of clever men and women write pages and pages telling people who have no way of knowing better that farm life is ALL drudgery—stultifying, degrading labor! There should be a law against it.

After breakfast when the children had taken the bus for school, I thought to do my work, but

"A brown bird sang from the apple tree  
And a butterfly hovered about the flowers,  
And all the leaves were calling to me..."

And in that chorus I recognized the voice of Himself,—rods and reels and can of bait in his hand—"so what could I do but laugh and go?"

The days are longer, but they aren't half long enough for the things we would do. Farming is the one occupation that challenges—exercises every bit of the worker from brain to heel. It isn't always one thing after another, either, but many things clamoring for attention, and woe to the farmer who hasn't taken his work seriously enough to study his lesson.

What to do next? Rather, what to do first? But after all, the biggest part of farming is looked after by the Master—the growing. Ah, the growing! There isn't one in the family from the wee-est to the boss who doesn't snatch

a minute to run out and look at some flower, or field, before breakfast.

We have been on the old farm almost half a year now but we haven't become accustomed yet to the wonder of running out to the garden, the berry patch, the chicken house, cream and butter cooler, for just the



ordinary repast. In our city lives (such a short time behind us) dishes that are now quite common with us would have meant scrimping in countless ways to make up for. And as for sitting down to a table that isn't decorated with flowers—My Deah, it just isn't done!

Remember the powwow that was held over that dining room atop the new Waldorf, whose top could be rolled away by the pressing of a button? The top isn't rolled unless the night is propitious. When we have propitious days and evenings—yes, sometimes mornings, even, we set the camp table out in our outdoor living room, and without even the exertion of pressing a button, enjoy a heavenly canopy.

Oh, to be sure we work. Just now in our *leisure* we work on that outdoor living room. I'll tell you all about it later—maybe give you some sketches; anyway, this much I can tell you—It bids fair to rival the splendor of Queen Het's Egyptian garden.

But your clothes! Aunt Marion (christened Mary Ann) wails. Well, we must admit that our clothes would never do on the city street, but we hadn't realized they were disgracing the family elite. We purchased dark crepe—easily washed, and requiring no ironing—and when we donned our mannish attire we had preened a bit, thinking we were Maud Mullerish. Perhaps Maud did wear girlish garb, but—you know what me mean. Our crepe overalls gave gardening a zest that our city cousins get from tennis. And, we don't need to spend our time thinking of our clothes—fearing runs in silk hose, crumples for silk skirts.

Naturally, that gives us more time for thinking about worthwhile things.

Sorry as we are to shock Aunt Marion who is really very dear to us, we get such a kick out of our new way of living, that we have a suspicion that we are "throwbacks"—*way back* to a club-bearing troglodyte.

The joy of chronicling our rural diversions has been marred a bit by plagiarism. Not quite verbatim, but too nearly for comfort. We picked up the February number of a magazine we don't often see and had a shock. At first reading, thought it was one of our own rhapsodies. It wasn't—quite. Oh, well, if imitation is flattery, we should feel flattered; but we

hope the copy-cat doesn't continue to compliment us.

But, it's May, and being still atop the soil, we shall gather rosebuds while yet we may.



### *The Lost Sheep*

ADRIAN FRIES, O. S. B.

*From the fold a sheep has strayed,  
And the Shepherd's heart dismayed;  
For His love's so ill repaid.  
Is it you, my friend?*

*Once He hung for you in pain;  
Was that blood then shed in vain?  
Will you still His love disdain?  
No, not you, my friend?*

*Long for you He's interceded,  
Long He's prayed and hoped and pleaded;  
He's the One that you have needed,  
Needed most, my friend.*

*Open are His hands to greet you,  
Hopefully He comes to meet you;  
Need He any more entreat you?  
Surely not, my friend.*

*You have filled His heart with wonder;  
Do not break that heart asunder!  
Come back now; repent the blunder.  
He is waiting, friend.*



## The Angel Guardian

Maurice V. Reidy

CLINCHY left the elevated train at 84th Street, and walked westward to Fifth Avenue. He entered the gateway leading to Central Park, and walked to the promenade by the Reservoir.

A New Yorker by birth and a Westerner by choice, Clinchy on his very rare trips to New York religiously paid a visit to certain places endeared to him from his childhood, such as Calvary Cemetery, where his father and mother lay buried, and the district in the lower East Side, where they always dwelt until they removed up-town. Often on sweltering July evenings like this, his mother brought him as a child to this very spot in Central Park. Her favorite resting place was a seat near the shelter of some giant trees, the coolness and fragrance of which was a delightful contrast to the stuffy atmosphere of the third floor tenement flat, east of First Avenue, in which they lived.

Despite the ever-changing external aspects of New York, Clinchy reflected that there was very little change in Central Park. The Reservoir, which seemed to his childish imagination to be an enchanted lake, was still there. So were the tall trees, the rich green grass, the sensation of coolness and repose. A slight breeze ruffled the leaves of the trees, causing a gentle breathing sound. It rippled the surface of the water into tiny wavelets, which, in rising, caught the glow of the setting sun. From across the expanse of water came the sound of chiming bells from some distant church. Clinchy smiled and drew a deep breath as he leant over the railing of the Reservoir and looked out on the water. The past became present to him for a few moments. He almost fancied that his mother was by his side! So completely did the momentary illusion possess him that he turned his head around and glanced at the freshly painted bench under the shadow of the trees, where she used to sit in the days of old. There was a man of about his own age occupying a seat there. He was well-dressed,

tall, with a strong thoughtful face, a pleasant face, but showing just now traces of intense inward suffering. As Clinchy watched him, he withdrew a leathern wallet from his pocket, and, carefully counting a large wad of notes, he put the money back into the wallet and replaced it in his pocket. Then, after penciling some figures on a sheet of paper, he tottered them up with puckered brow. After a minute or two he shrugged his shoulders, crumpled the paper between his fingers, and rose to his feet in an attitude of despair.

Clinchy was not a pickpocket by calling. He specialized in the robbery of safes, and, as a cracksman was a recognised expert. He was a freelance, however, ready to adapt himself to any operation by which he could separate people from their property. His eyes lit up with animation when he saw the bulk of that wad of notes which went back into the stranger's pocket. Here was an opportunity for making big money without incurring any risk! He rushed along the pathway and brushed against the stranger who had commenced to walk away. Clinchy lifted his hat, made a graceful apology which the other accepted, and disappeared amongst the trees. He sat down on a bench in a secluded spot and, withdrawing the stranger's wallet from his pocket, he started to count the money.

The money was in one hundred dollar bills. There were 170 of them, making in all seventeen thousand dollars. The substantial sum fairly took Clinchy's breath away. Fancy a man walking about with that amount in his possession! True he had in his own pocket a sum of six thousand dollars, but that was due to an unexpected turn of good luck which happened that very afternoon in a down-town gambling house. He withdrew from the wallet some letters which might perhaps explain why the stranger, instead of keeping his money in a bank, carried it about in his pocket. There were three letters addressed to Wilfred Ashley

from men whose names were prominent in the commercial and financial world, each expressing profound regret that they were unable to grant him an immediate loan of five thousand dollars. There was a letter from the President of a newly-formed Safe-manufacturing Corporation expressing good wishes towards Ashley, and a desire to help him, but also pointing out that the fact of Ashley's father's bankruptcy rendered the patents an uncertain proposition for the newly formed concern to handle, and that there were rival influential interests which he feared would cut out the Ashley patents altogether. The letter concluded by saying that if the whole matter were cleared up by the middle of July all would be well. If not, however, he feared that his influence could not induce his Corporation to extend the time limit by one hour, and that the high salaried post which Ashley was conditionally promised in the new undertaking would not materialize. There was a further letter from a firm of New York lawyers conveying the information that unless they received from Mrs. Wilfred Ashley the final installment of twenty thousand dollars by Monday the 14th July, the matter of his father's discharge from bankruptcy would be postponed indefinitely.

It was now the 13th July!

There was still another, and the last of the letters, which was in a woman's handwriting. She was evidently a teacher in California, and, from the tone of her letter, Clinchy inferred that she was to be married to Wilfred Ashley.

"My dear Wilfred," it began, "a whole year has passed since I saw you last, and, although I know you are abnormally busy, I cannot help worrying about you. I was expecting you to be here during the month of July, and now your last letter leaves the date of your coming more uncertain than ever. Everything here is at its most beautiful just now, but your absence combined with my uncertainty steals away a great deal of its charm. The Reverend Mother here, who, like yourself, is a convert member of an old New England family, asks me to insist on your coming within a week. She tells me to state that the guest house is being got ready for you, and hopes you will not disappoint us by not turning up. You will remember that when you first became a Catholic, your special

attraction to the Church was what you called the consoling and beautiful belief in a heavenly spirit appointed by God to be the guide and protector of each one of us. Last night I dreamt about you. I thought you were in despair and lost in the darkness. Threatening shadows crept towards you, and, in my dream, I called to my own Angel Guardian and to yours, and then I saw your Angel Guardian emerge, and his shining sword flashed in the faces of your enemies, until it seemed that—"

Clinchy read no more. He felt a strange feeling of shame that he had read the letter so far. He thrust it back into the wallet, and, putting the wallet into his inside pocket, he arose to his feet.

So this was the story! The hated name of Ashley, father and son, was known to every cracksman who found himself perplexed and perspiring in front of the steel door of some highly complicated safe. Clinchy was not yet thirty, but he looked nearly forty on account of the five years he had spent in a Western State Prison, and all on account of the infernal patent gadgets which this very man, Ashley, was responsible for. One summer night seven years before, Clinchy gained access to the Safe room of the Cook County Corporation in Chicago. In his possession was every appliance which the highly-skilled cracksman considered sufficient to get to the inside of any safe in the land. For three weary hours he worked in front of that safe door. The grey dawn of the summer morning was appearing on the eastern sky. Rendered desperate by his failure, Clinchy used an over-supply of explosive. Even that did not bring success. On the contrary it brought the police, and Clinchy was taken away and in due course sentenced for five years to one of the most uncongenial state prisons in the country.

"What a sweet revenge!" muttered Clinchy to himself, "but I must get out of here at once. Ashley may miss the money and raise an alarm."

Clinchy tapped the wallet and felt it reposing safely in his pocket. The exit was not far away from where he stood. Once outside the park he was safe. Inside, every moment rendered it more dangerous for him. Still he did not move. He seemed to be listening with tense ears for some sound which he expected. Suddenly a shot, or an explosion resembling a shot, sounded

apparently from the spot where Ashley was. Could it be possible that Ashley had committed suicide on discovering his loss? In that case the girl's dream was all wrong. He should never had read her letter. The other letters were explanatory as they showed the desperate plight in which Ashley was for an immediate loan of a large sum of money. But the girl's letter was different. Its phrases rang in Clinchy's mind. The words on the paper took voice and spoke. He looked towards the west where the sun was sinking, leaving in its wake a crescent of fiery swords. The shining sword would scatter her lover's enemies, this girl had dreamt. "The spears of God that will protect my little Joey when I am gone," was what his mother had said when she looked on just such another sunset on this very spot at the close of a far-off summer day. Clinchy began to move but not towards the exit and safety. He walked on until a bend in the pathway enabled him again to see Ashley, who was searching with the aid of lighted matches around the seat on which he had been sitting, under the trees, everywhere, but in vain. When Clinchy had seen Ashley's face for the first time not more than a quarter of an hour before, it bore a worried and anxious expression. Now, however, his face was as white as that of a corpse, there was a drawn look about his mouth as though he had suddenly grown old, and his eyes seemed to be vacantly staring. At length he gave up the effort to find his wallet. He sat down on the bench, and, putting his two hands over his head, bent forward rigid and silent, looking the very embodiment of despair.

Clinchy withdrew his own wad of six thousand dollars from his pocket and placed them in the wallet by the side of the seventeen thousand dollars which he had stolen from Ashley. He moved quickly along the pathway and approached the motionless figure on the seat. When only a distance of twenty yards separated him from Ashley he stopped short and assumed an attitude of listening.

"Fool," called out a voice within him, "are the memory of your old mother's words, the idle dream of a love-smitten girl, the hour, the place, the disordered fancies they evoke for a moment in your mind, going to make much of your heart and addle your brain? Clear off at once, and leave this man who is your enemy to

despair, to madness, to suicide. You have had your revenge. Go!"

There was no sound or movement from the motionless figure on the bench.

"For all you know he may be dead," the voice continued, "see his rigid unmoving form. Heart disease, Clinchy, heart disease. Money is no good to him now. To you it means everything. Go!"

The summer evening breeze stirred the leaves on the trees overhead. It sounded in Clinchy's ears like a long-drawn sigh. "Do not sigh," he muttered as though speaking to an imaginary person, "I shall do the right thing for her sake and for yours."

He crept noiselessly towards Ashley.

"Guardian Angel!" cried out the inward voice in jeering mockery, "sneak-thief, pick-pocket, white-livered coward and traitor, have your way. Guardian Angel—you!"

Clinchy ground his teeth in anger, and his right fist shot out into the empty air as though to strike an invisible enemy.

"Courage brother!" he exclaimed as he bent over Ashley and dropped the wallet on his lap. The next moment he vanished in the darkness of the trees.

Outside the park Clinchy waited at the opposite side of the street for half an hour. At the end of that interval Ashley emerged from the park. He walked buoyantly as though he had shed a burden from off his shoulders which was pressing him down. He dropped a letter into a nearby letter box. Then, after looking carefully up and down, he turned eastwards towards Lexington Avenue.

"I wonder what he said to her about that dream of hers," said Clinchy to himself. There was a peculiar smile on his face as he glanced towards the letter box. Then he turned and watched the disappearing form of Ashley.

"He walks in sunshine, Clinchy, my boy," muttered Clinchy to himself, "and you did it. Quite a little drama of seen and unseen characters, Angel-Guardians, shining swords and spears—the living and the dead. In a week he will be with that girl and they will have a few words about you. Within a month Ashley will be installed in a suite of offices in the Columbia

(Turn to page 27)

# When the Little Flower Asks

Jac Kerstiens

"I CAN'T understand how Esther Davis can frequent the sacraments," I heard Jeanne Flemming remark one day, "for I'm sure the reason she and Tom are childless after all these years of married life is because she doesn't want children. She'd rather cuddle that ugly Pekingese dog she has."

The remark made me furious for Esther and I had been chums during our childhood and adolescent years. I had been the only girl in a family of eight boys and she had filled that cherished place of sister in my heart. Esther was an only child and envied me all my big brothers. During our high school days we used to confide our hopes and dreams of the future to each other. Our families, we hoped, would consist of at least ten children.

"My first little girl will be named Rita, for you, dear," Esther vowed one day.

"And my first shall be called Esther," I promised.

Esther and Tom Davis were married just a week before John and me in the same little church where we had made our first holy Communion together. Now my little Esther was eight years old, the eldest of five. But my chum had no Rita. She had only that Pekingese dog, some goldfish and a bird.

I had always refused to believe that Esther did not want children. I had felt sorry for her in that beautiful house on the hill, with no little ones to lavish her love and care upon.

But now Jeanne Flemming's remark worried me. I had heard whisperings about Esther's childlessness before, but now I remembered several incidents that seemed to substantiate the gossip's talk:

Esther's visits to my house had become less frequent and, now that I thought of it, the reason apparently was my children. They seemed to irritate her. The last time she had called—about a year before—I was nursing Johnie Joe.

"Rita!" she had exclaimed irritably, "you are either nursing a baby or preparing for the coming of one every time I see you."

She had left almost immediately without a second glance at the precious new baby in my arms, nor a word of inquiry about the others.

But even now as I thought of it I could not believe that anyone could dislike babies so much, least of all Esther who as a girl had boasted of the big family she would rear.

The more I thought of it the more determined I became to put the question to Esther very frankly, and then I would make short work of telling Jeanne Flemming and the other gossips what I thought of them. I'd put a stop to those lying whispers.

I called on Esther that same afternoon and found her sitting on a Persian rug in the living room playing with that terrible little Pekingese dog. On the wall above her hung a beautiful picture of the Madonna and Child done in oils by a famous artist. The contrast of the scene before me gave rise to the first real doubt I had ever felt in the falsity of the accusing whispers that had come to my ears about Esther.

"Well," I said in greeting, "it's too bad you haven't a child to romp with. It would be more becoming under a picture like that."

Esther shrugged her slim, straight shoulders.





"Oh," she said with a grimace meant to be a smile, "when I get tired of Peke I can put him out and close the door. One couldn't do that to a child, you know."

"Esther, dear," I said coming to the point at once, "don't you *want* children?"

"No," she answered deliberately, "I don't." Her voice as she spoke had a little catch in it as if the very thought were repugnant to her.

For eight years after that day I did not see Esther. I was too busy with my ever increasing and growing family to even give her much thought. When I did think of her it was with compassion. I wondered if now, late in her thirties, she did not regret her childlessness. Life at that age must be dreary indeed for one not able to see one's own youth reproduced in children growing up. Where was the joy in life's gifts if there are not children to share them with?

Then again one day I called on Esther, and the change in her made me wince. Her shining black hair was streaked with grey, and her lovely dark eyes looked tired. Not only tired but there was a look of haunting despair in them. Of futility. She told me of a recent trip to Europe. Of shopping tours in Paris and London, and sightseeing in Rome.

"Didn't you visit any of the great shrines?" I asked when she had finished.

"Yes," she answered almost in a whisper as she looked beyond me, "I got that at Lisieux."

I turned and looked into the sweet, winsome face of the Little Flower. It was an almost life-size portrait, and it hung facing the beautiful Madonna.

But Esther seemed not inclined to discuss the subject, so I did not press her.

"Just a part of her sightseeing," I told myself bitterly, "and the picture means nothing more to her than a souvenir."

I wondered if Esther practiced her Faith any more. We did not live in the same parish and I did not know, but I doubted it. But I still loved her and would pray for her. I would start a novena that very day to the Little Flower, whose sweet likeness faced the Madonna across that room of polished floors and

Persian rugs, placed there not through devotion apparently, but for artistic effect.

That was two years ago, and I did not again see Esther until to-day. This morning she 'phoned and begged me to come over.

As soon as I got John off to the office and the children to school I drove over. I was fired with curiosity, but did not dream of the surprise that awaited me.

Esther met me at the door. But what an Esther! I had never, even as a girl, seen her so beautiful. Her great dark eyes were veritable pools of happiness, and her face was as radiant as though a halo encircled it.

She kissed me impulsively and led me in.

I stopped on the threshold of the living room and gazed, unable to believe my eyes. For there, in the middle of the room, with the Madonna and the Little Flower on either side, stood a bassinette!

Bits of blue satin, lace and ribbon littered the deep pile of the rug. Esther lining a bassinette!

"I remember my promise, Rita, dear," I heard her say through my astonishment, "but if it should be a girl would you mind much if I called her

Therese instead of Rita?"

"Esther, you don't mean—"

"Yes, dear, our prayers of twenty years are to be answered."

"Your prayers—but Esther, I thought you—you didn't want children. You told me yourself that you didn't."

"That was just a case of the fox calling the grapes sour when he couldn't reach them. I even tried to make myself believe that I didn't want children. And your babies—Oh, Rita, can you ever forgive me? I envied you so much that I almost hated you. You always had a baby in your arms—and my arms were empty."

"Esther, it is I who must beg forgiveness; I had such evil thoughts of you, while all the time you were praying—twenty years!"

"It was the Little Flower," Esther said, her eyes resting devoutly on the beautiful portrait; "God seemed only to be waiting for her prayers to be added to those of His blessed Mother and His other saints."



# Hello, Ma!

(Continued)

## CHAPTER TWO

4845 Ellis avenue,  
Chicago, Illinois,  
Saturday night,  
February 3, 1934.

Mrs. Henry McCann,  
Route 13,  
Avanlon, Wisconsin.

Dear Ma:

It seems years since I bid you, Pa and the children goodbye. Cousin Eileen just sits and allows time to pass her by—and to pass me by, too. She has a few old ladies in to see her—perfectly lifeless old ladies who would not run to get out of the way of a fire truck.

Yesterday I told her I was raring to go to Bermuda and she said eagerness was one of the symptoms of greenness. Ma, she is crude.

She has three servants and our dinners—at 8 p. m.—are just snacks. For herself she has Brussels sprouts, black bread, whipped cream, baked potatoes and lamb chops or a steak. She is on a diet and has to eat good.

I eat what the servants and the dog eat. For breakfast she gives me one piece of toast and on cup of coffee. And for lunch I get a spoon of peas, two very small white crackers and a glass  $\frac{3}{4}$  full of very blue milk. Dinner is generally three shriveled prunes, or two sour apricots for dessert.... that is for me. She has pumpkin pie with gobs of whipped cream on it as she says pumpkins contain iron.

I ate bread while she had a steak!

There are two cottony blankets on my bed. I sleep in my raccoon coat you and Pa gave me five years ago.

I talked to Olive the housekeeper—who also serves at table, answers the door and telephone, does the mending, orders the groceries and acts as Cousin Eileen's personal maid—and she told me what a grand lady Cousin Eileen is.

I cannot agree. I have been with her five days and am half-starved, or would be if I did not go out every day to eat at the drug store at Drexel and 47th.

Constance Edgerton

Ma, Cousin Eileen has not taken me a place—not even to church; nor has she invited any young folks in, and I heard her tell Olive she feared the trip to Bermuda was more than she could afford.

Ma, can you feature that? Denying me an ocean trip!

If I ever get on the boat I will eat day and night to get back at her for the lean days she is giving me here.

I met Mrs. Huck and Margaret Huck in the drug store today. Lovingly,

Kay

P. S. They were eating.

Chicago, Sunday the 4.

Dear Ma:

It is past midnight. I have been helping Olive pack Cousin Eileen's clothes. Ma, that woman thinks I am her maid!!

We are ready to go—to Oconomowoc, Wisconsin!!

Cousin Eileen hates to spend money and she moaned so much about it to the Misses Hale that they took pity on her and asked her (and me) out to their country house.

Cousin Eileen adores getting something for nothing. I bet she will stay until we are thrown out.

Ma, why did you always act like Cousin Eileen was human? She's not.

Lovingly,

Kay.

P. S. Every time I go to the drug store to eat I meet Mrs. Huck and Margaret and they are also eating, so you see all I said about the school is true.

Halescourt,  
Oconomowoc, Wisconsin,  
February sixth.

Dear Ma:

We drove out here last evening through a blinding snowstorm—and it is still snowing. Cousin Eileen had kinnipshin fits all the way out and kept declaring we were about to drive

into a ditch—which we finally did.

Halescourt is adorable. Plenty to eat, plenty of blankets, plenty of heat, a dish of fruit in every room, books, ink, stationery and even stamps. And there is a telephone in every room.

The Misses Hale—who are born hostesses—had telephoned from Chicago to a few families who are wintering here to come in and have a housewarming for me. They love young people.

It was a dance and I wore my formal. I looked swell, Ma.

Miss Clarice Hale must be sixty—as fat as Aunt Mame, and can she dance!!!

The other Miss Hale—Edith—is small and still. She is deaf and paints landscapes.

Ma, the house is fifteen times as large as ours. There are two fireplaces in the living room and one in every bedroom—even the servants rooms have them.

I'd like to stay here forever.

Miss Edith is going to paint winter landscapes and I feel they will be beautiful, for she has the background of security and atmosphere of repose that make a good artist.

Miss Clarice and I slide down hill, skate, put on high boots and woolen sox. Then we tramp across pastures for miles. Ma, it is lovely here. I wish you and Pa were with me.

Everyone can sleep as late as they care to because our breakfasts are served in bed!! Silver tray, finger bowl, flowers—and the cutest little maid. She draws my bath and presses my clothes.

The dinners at 6 p. m. are a joy. Miss Clarice has early dinner so her servants can have a long evening. They, the servants, love Miss Clarice, and Miss Edith, too.

A man serves the table. There are two women cooks. Tonight we had: Fruit cocktail, soup, stuffed chicken, sweet potatoes, Brussels sprouts, tomatoes, fruit salad, and sponge cake with great gobs of whipped cream on it.

Hawkins is the butler and he seems to serve everything except the baths.

Oh, Ma, I wish you were here. I wish Aunt Mame were here and Pa, Joey, Eileen, Mary and Ben. We would slide down hill. It is so educational, Ma.

Love to you all from,

Kay.

Avanlon, Wisconsin  
February 14, 1934.

Miss Kay McCann,  
Halescourt,  
OCONOMOWOC, Wis.

Dear daughter:

Mrs. Linnane died last week and I was there four days with the children and did not get around to write sooner. Poor Tom Linnane—only twenty-eight and left with six little ones. But God's ways are not our ways nor is it given us to know what is for the best.

Why do you speak so illy of Cousin Eileen? She is a generous soul. She made me a present of a five dollar gold piece for my wedding when Pa and I called on her two days after we were married. She is my father's cousin, and I do wish you would not talk about her.

Were I to believe you she is a penurious old piece—but the Hales are adorable. I resent the way you lie about the food—or rather the lack of food—at your Cousin Eileen's. No Doody ever set a scrimped table.

These Hales you dote on are not to my liking. I ask you, Kay McCann, why a single woman sixty years old is still single if she danced all her life as this Clarice must have to be so adept at it now! Clarice, is it? Plain Clara.

What is there to get wild over if a bit of sponge cake and a chicken are placed on the table? And a dish of fruit in every room! Don't we always have apples and bananas on the dining room table? I have known you to eat six or seven bananas an evening as you sat by the table reading.

We can slide down hill behind the barn—if we get light-headed like some folks I know of—folks I'm hearing from and of. It is educational to slide down hill, is it? Educational to lay abed until noon?

Be careful of that Hawkins. I do not like him at all. *A man for a hired girl!* Don't let me hear of you making free with him.

You haven't told me what Clarice does for a hobby. I'd expect her to carry a gun, hold up a stagecoach, and skii away.

Joey and Pa are still at Madison taking the short course. They come home Fridays and go back Mondays. It is a six weeks session. Mary, Eileen, Ben and I do the milking and take the

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## The Editor's Page

# CHRIST'S BODY



IN the beginning of April I chanced on a news item in a paper which recounted an important meeting of a certain Council of Knights of Columbus. A State official had come to address the meeting, and one of the members gave to the newspaper this statement quoted from that speech: "Next to the Catholic Church, the Knights of Columbus has been the greatest force in the battle against Communism."

I must confess that when I read that quotation my hair rather literally stood on end, for of all the words that could have been used, these most accurately express a thought which a body of Catholic men should never have spoken or endorsed.

I know I have been accused of "having it in" for the Knights of Columbus. I assure you that such is not the case. I am "for" the K. of C. I want them to succeed. I want their membership to increase. And I desire above all that their program of Catholic Action may bring forth rich results. It is precisely because I am so eager to have them succeed that I make what small efforts I can to help put them right in those things wherein they seem to fail. Anyone who has the good of Christ's Kingdom at heart must realize what a powerful force this large, well-organized body

of men could be in the life of the Church here in America.

However, as I have indicated once before in these pages, the question has often assailed me for some years, why have not the K. of C. been a more vital thing in the Church; Why have they not grown more in the years? Some councils have indeed; many have not. The answer, to my mind is perfectly indicated in the attitude suggested by a phrase in the quotation from that official's speech: "Next to the Catholic Church."

In order to get clear on the matter, we must understand what we mean by the Catholic Church; we must know also the meaning of the term, the Mystical Body of Christ; and, finally, we must have the correct knowledge of the much-used term, Catholic Action.

Many people think of the Catholic Church as of the hierarchy—the Pope, bishops, and priests. That is not correct. The Catholic Church consists of all who have been baptized. So, not only prelates and priests, but all the faithful make up what we call the Church. We speak of this collection of the faithful as the Mystical Body of Christ. It is important to understand this, that we all constitute one living, organic body, each one of us being a member of that body.

You have a body, and a soul by which that body lives. This soul pene-



## OW INDIVISIBLE

trates to every portion of your body, causing it to be alive, to grow, to feel, to be active in thought and work. Cut a member off from that body, say, a finger, and it no longer grows, feels, or is active. So the Church is the visible Body of Christ on earth. It is His Mystical Body; His real, personal Body ascended to heaven forty days after His Resurrection. But the Church, too, is His Body, because it lives by the Spirit or life of Christ, His Spirit, the Holy Ghost, whom He poured into the Church at Pentecost, and who is poured into each member at Baptism, and later repeatedly each time one receives a Sacrament.

Thus the Church is a living, organic Body, with the Pope as the visible Head, the other members as parts, more or less honorable (as is the case with our physical body), but all animated by the Spirit of Christ.

Being, therefore, a living Body, the Church must always grow and be vitally active. But this activity or Action is a *result* of the life that is within that Body. What, then, is Catholic Action? It is not primarily Catholic activity, but it is first of all Catholic *being*, or vital membership in the Body of Christ. In other words, a member must be vitalized by the Spirit of Christ—united by grace to the Church. Then this vitality will of itself necessarily show itself in activity, first towards personal

sanctification, then towards the spread of Christ's Kingdom. Organization into groups to carry out programs more effectively may then be in order, not before.

Just here is the mistake often made. The modern world has made a fetish of efficiency. Organization, methods, card-indexes, graphs, curves, etc., etc., are considered the *sine qua non*. Not so in the Church. These are all secondary. Life, life is what we must have first. We must be connected by grace with the stream of Christ's vitality, His Spirit; then this vitality will burst forth into activity.

Knights of Columbus and all other Catholic organizations, you must first be Catholics—living, vital Catholics—then Knights of Columbus, Soda-lists, etc. "Next to the Catholic Church!" What a wrong and shameful thing for a Catholic group to say. You must be vital members *within* the Catholic Church. You help constitute the Body of Christ. And only this Body, of which you are members, can engage in Catholic Action.

So also of your growth. If you as a group are not real Catholics how can you have life and growth and vitality, being cut off from the Soul? "I am the Vine, you are the branches." Sever a branch from the vine, and it dries up and dies.

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

# From a Science Notebook

H. S., O. S. B.

Five out of every six persons in this country are expected to be ill this year.

\* \* \*

A new alloy of aluminum, cobalt, nickel, and iron can lift sixty times its weight when used as a permanent magnet.

\* \* \*

*Pithecanthropus erectus*, long considered a connecting link in the evolution of man, is now declared by its discovered to be only a superior type of ape.

\* \* \*

Chemists are seeking a method of manufacturing wood.

\* \* \*

About 60 per cent of our eggs come from comparatively small flocks which receive no special care.

\* \* \*

National forest preserve in the continental United States covers more than 140,000,000 acres.

\* \* \*

The United States annually draws about 900,000,000 barrels of oil from the earth.

\* \* \*

Under extreme pressures soft graphite becomes harder than steel.

\* \* \*

More than 8,000 varieties of dahlias have been produced during the past ten years.

\* \* \*

Aluminum is one-seventh as expensive as tin.

\* \* \*

Fresh tomato juice is good for removing many kinds of stains from the hands.

\* \* \*

The Dutch elm disease, which threatens many of our elm trees, was imported into our country from Europe in some dried out and seemingly harmless logs.

To supply the wants of each city dweller, American farmers annually raise about one-fourth acre of wheat, three-fourths acre of corn, and one-eighth acre of cotton.

\* \* \*

The ordinary flash of lightning contains only about 30 cents worth of electricity.

\* \* \*

The 11½ year sun spot cycle will be at its height in two to three years from now.

\* \* \*

By subjecting all combustible materials to a chemical treatment, fire-resistant and vermin-proof mattresses are being produced.

\* \* \*

Forest fires in National Forests during the past fall have increased in number, though the total area burnt has fallen far below the five-year average.

\* \* \*

Giant aqueducts will carry more than a billion gallons of water a day from the Boulder Dam district to southern California.

\* \* \*

Short-wave radio signals fade for a few minutes every 54 days. The reason is as yet unknown.

\* \* \*

Television for seventy per cent of England's population in four years is the promise of a director of a large British television concern.

\* \* \*

Even in ordinary conversation cold germs can be projected two to three feet from the mouth of the speaker. A sneeze can broadcast germs more than eight feet.

\* \* \*

Water is carried by hand on eight out of every nine farms in the United States.

## Query Corner

Conducted by Rev. Gerald Benkert, O. S. B.

*Why is it not merciful and ethical to deliver an incurable sufferer from pain when the sufferer begs for euthanasia? It seems cruel and unreasonable to prolong unendurable misery.*

Euthanasia or "easy death" is a nice-sounding name for murder or suicide. Both murder and suicide are morally wrong, even though the victim consents to death, because they violate the fundamental right of God over the lives of His creatures. The principle that suffering can or should be ended by depriving the victim of life is absolutely pagan, for it denies the divine origin of life, the rights of Creator and the duties of creatures, the dignity of the human person, the purifying and meritorious purpose of suffering in this life, all of which are fundamental Christian teachings. To relieve pain in the right way is indeed charitable and merciful, but to attempt to relieve pain by inflicting death is unethical and unreasonable because it is contrary to the first principles of right reason and the moral law, cruel and unmerciful, because, instead of relieving temporary sufferings, it plunges the victim into eternal torments, or at least deprives him of the opportunity to gain greater eternal happiness. For further discussion on this point read the editorial in the March number of THE GRAIL entitled "The Right To Die."

*I have seen the statement made in a Catholic paper where the Pope sent the pallium to an archbishop. What is a pallium and what does it signify?*

The pallium is a sacred vestment consisting of a narrow white shoulder band and two short pendants, which hang down over the breast and back, made entirely of white wool and ornamented by six small black crosses. During certain liturgical functions the Pope and archbishops use the pallium which is always worn over the shoulders and above the other sacred vestments. Each year on the feast of St. Agnes in the Basilica of St. John Lateran in Rome, two lambs are blessed, the wool of which is used in making the palliums. As the pallium is a sign of special authority and rank, the Holy Father reserves to himself the privilege of conferring the pallium on the archbishops.

*What is the difference between a Cardinal, a Patriarch, and a Metropolitan? Are these just titles of honor or do they confer special powers on the priests who have them?*

Cardinals are prelates who enjoy the highest rank in the Church after the Pope. Chosen personally by the Supreme Pontiff as princes of the Church, the cardinals form a college or senate which assists the Pope in the government of the Church. This sacred college of cardinals consists of seventy members, although all of the occupancies are usually not filled at one time. Besides many honorary privileges, such as precedence in rank over all other prelates, the cardinals also have special rights and powers, the most noted of which is the right to elect the Pope. A patriarch is the bishop of a diocese which enjoys the special distinction of being a patriarchal see and ranks first among the dioceses of a certain section of the Church. The patriarchate is a title of honor only, unless special powers are granted by particular law. A metropolitan is an archbishop who has several suffragan dioceses under him. The metropolitan or archbishop has precedence in rank over the bishops, but his authority over the bishops of his metropolitan district is limited and well defined by the law of the Church.

*Is it true that Dominican priests say Mass differently than secular priests do? What is the difference?*

Yes, the Dominicans have a rite which is proper to their Order, although it differs but slightly from the Roman rite, which the secular priests follow when saying Mass. The chief difference consists in this: the Dominican priest puts wine and water into the chalice at the beginning of the Mass, whereas secular priests, following the common rite, do this at the Offertory which comes shortly after the Gospel. Other differences, such as bowing instead of genuflecting, distinguish the Dominican from the Roman rite, but it should be kept in mind that these differences are all minor and do not affect the Mass itself in any essential manner.

*What is the attitude of the Church on capital punishment? Does she condemn or advocate it?*

The Catholic Church neither condemns nor advocates capital punishment, but she approves of it on certain conditions. Since the state has the duty of protecting its citizens and promoting their welfare, it has also the right to use the necessary measures for that purpose, which means that the state can punish all offenders against law and good order. To deter men from committing certain serious crimes which jeopardize the lives and welfare of others, the state can inflict even capital punishment or the penalty of death. But this severe punishment can be imposed only by the proper authorities and for certain serious crimes, and then only after the criminal has been proved guilty. The Church also demands that the condemned man be given the opportunity to provide for his spiritual welfare before the death sentence is executed.

*Is capital punishment Christian or un-Christian? Does its sanction come from the Old Testament, as Lev. 24:17 or Num. 35:16? Certainly Christ did not teach capital punishment, for example, Matt. 5:38. Please explain.*

Capital punishment is neither Christian nor un-Christian. As stated in a previous answer, Christ and the Church neither advocate nor condemn it. Nor can it be said that capital punishment derives its sanction from the Old Testament texts quoted above, for this right of society to protect itself by taking the life of an individual whose criminal conduct is a menace to society antedates the Jewish law and is rooted in nature itself. There is no reason for thinking that Christ condemned capital punishment in Matt. 5:38, for while He taught charity and mercy, He fully realized that very often "mercy to the one (criminal) is cruelty to the many" and that the law which He Himself placed in nature demands that the welfare of the many be safeguarded even if this entails the taking of life from a guilty individual by the proper civil authority.

*Why is the Catholic edition of the Bible called the Vulgate?*

In Latin the word "vulgata" signifies something which is common or popular. The Vulgate edition of the Bible is the Latin text most commonly used since the time of St. Jerome, who translated most of the books of Scripture and revised the remaining ones from older Latin versions. In the sixteenth century the Council of Trent designated the Latin Vulgate text as the authorized version of the Latin Church. Our English Douay version is a translation of the Latin Vulgate text.

## *Echoes from Our Abbey and Seminary*

—Fathers John Dudine and William Murphy, pastor and assistant of St. Augustine's Church for the Colored at Louisville, Kentucky, brought with them on the afternoon of March 15th four colored men, who staged for the crusaders of the Seminary an actual meeting of their study club. This club has proved of great assistance in the instruction of converts.

—A St. Patrick's day program was given by the seminarians in the College Auditorium on the evening of March 17th. Father Patrick, whose nameday it was, celebrated the solemn Conventual High Mass in the morning.

—Mr. Robert Kress, of Dayton, Ohio, and Mr. Joseph Loos, of Indianapolis, were invested with the habit of St. Benedict before Conventual High Mass on March 18th. If they persevere in their vocation, they will make their vows as lay brothers on the feast of St. Joseph in 1937.

—After the offertory of the solemn Conventual High Mass on St. Joseph's day Brother Michael (Thomas Patrick Lloyd) made his triennial vows. The newly professed came to us a year and a half ago from Aurora, Illinois.

—The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Ignatius Ahmann, class of '90, pastor of St. Aloysius Church, Covington, Kentucky, was recently elevated to the purple with the rank of Right Reverend Monsignor.

—Last month we reported the serious condition of Father Albert's eyes. On March 19 he was taken to St. Louis where he was placed in De Paul Hospital under the care of Dr. Green, a well-known specialist. Because of a severe case of ulceration of the eyeballs the patient was in danger of losing his sight. Now, however, after several weeks of treatment one eye has improved considerably, while the other seems to be yielding slowly to treatment. According to report Father Chrysostom's eyes are likewise improving by degrees. In the latter case the infection seems to come from the teeth, which are being extracted gradually.

—Father Bede Maler, our senior priest, who was anointed in ember week at the beginning of Lent, had so far recovered that he was able to offer up the Holy Sacrifice again on April 16th. He is now in his 88th year.

—Father Aemilian mourns the loss of his brother, Mr. Bernard Elpers, who died some weeks ago at Evansville. Father Eberhard's sister, Miss Rose Olinger, passed away at Ferdinand on March 24th after a lingering illness. R. I. P.

—Another death was that of Mrs. Anna Smith, mother of Father Henry Brenner, who departed this life in her 93rd year at Louisville, Kentucky. At the funeral Mass, which was celebrated by Father Henry

in St. Paul's Church, on March 26th, Father Prior Benedict served as deacon, while Father John was subdeacon. R. I. P.

—On the feast of St. Benedict, March 21st, Bishop Floerssh, of Louisville, celebrated Pontifical High Mass in the Abbey Church. Father William Schaefer, of Wichita, Kansas, brother of our choir director, Father Thomas, preached a splendid and timely sermon on what St. Benedict means for our times. Father Prior was celebrant of the solemn Vespers of the feast.—His Excellency was accompanied from Louisville by the Rev. R. F. Cotton, (College '10-'14). Father Schaefer, who was likewise a student in our Minor Seminary, had as companions from the West the Rev. George Herrmann and Messrs. J. R. Erhard and T. MacDonald.

—After years of waiting and yearning to be dissolved and to be with Christ, good Brother Benedict went to receive his eternal reward shortly after 4 o'clock in the morning on March 27th while the monks were chanting the office of Matins in choir. The funeral took place three days later. The Office of the Dead preceded the solemn funeral Requiem, which was celebrated by Father Peter, novice master and instructor of the lay brothers. Bro. Benedict Bigner was born at Fourmile, Kentucky, not far from Cincinnati, July 7, 1855. Desiring to be a Benedictine lay brother, he came to St. Meinrad in the early '80's. At the end of his novitiate he made the perpetual vows of the Order on All Saints, November 1, 1885. The two first years of his religious life Bro. Benedict spent working in the Abbey carpenter shop. The rest of his days, however, he devoted faithfully to his tasks in the garden, which furnished the monastic table with fresh vegetables. Devout and humble in the practice of the hidden life, and patient through many years of suffering, we feel sure that the deceased laid up for himself a goodly store of riches, which we trust he may now be enjoying. R. I. P.

—Towards the end of March His Excellency Most Reverend Joseph E. Ritter, S. T. D., spent two days of rest in our midst.

—Calderon's "The Mysteries of the Mass" was presented again to the public on March 22nd and 29th. Each time large crowds attended. In fact, on the latter date quite a number were turned away for want of space in the hall.

—On April 2nd Father Peter, assisted by Brothers Rembert and Joseph, delivered to the Academy of Ladywood at Indianapolis an artistic altar which was made of walnut wood in our shop. The mensa or table rests on two rows of fluted columns; the suppedaneum, or platform on which the priest stands when celebrating Mass, is a fine specimen of inlaid work. The circular tabernacle on the mensa is likewise of walnut. —Father Gilbert Hess attended the meeting of the Indiana Classical Teachers' Association, which



was held at De Pauw University on April 4th. The program for both forenoon and afternoon was both varied and interesting. Father Gilbert read a paper on "St. Jerome and the Vulgate."

—Holy Week with its ever attractive ceremonies seemed even more beautiful and impressive this year than usual. A number of visitors from distant parts expressed themselves as overwhelmed by what they

saw and heard. Two ladies of the Anglican persuasion, who attended all the services from Wednesday to Saturday with its glorious Mass of the Resurrection, appeared greatly interested and very deeply impressed.—The ancient melodies for the lamentations and the Passion are soul-stirring. The rich ceremonial of Holy Week enables one to live into the scenes of the sacred drama that unroll before his eyes.

## *Famous Swiss Dogs*

So universal is the fame of the St. Bernard dogs that it goes without saying that they rank first among the aristocracy of Switzerland's canine world. Their home, as their name suggests, is the Great St. Bernard Hospice, founded over one thousand years ago by Bernard de Menthon, a saintly priest, and inhabited up to this day by brethren of the order of St. Augustine. Winter lasts from eight to nine months in that isolated mountain region and the snow is sometimes piled up as high as 12—15 feet. Blizzards are sudden and descend with such fury that many travelers would surely perish were it not for the vigilance and devotion of the monks and their marvelously trained dogs.

While summer travel to the Great St. Bernard Hospice is increasing yearly, no busses and no private cars can reach those snowbound heights in winter. Yet, the Great St. Bernard Pass has a few wayfarers even at that time, mostly men who are financially unable to make use of modern railroad facilities, also shepherds who inhabit this solitary realm and occasional skiers.

Electricity, steam heat, telephone and radio have in recent decades improved living conditions in the Hospice. The brethren are now informed beforehand of impending arrivals from Martigny, in the Swiss Rhone valley, or from Aosta in Italy. If travelers are expected and a storm or avalanches should suddenly happen to descend upon the region of this historic refuge, the scientifically trained, super-intelligent dogs are sent out to meet them or to search for them. The animals are instructed to bark when they have discovered someone and to wake up those whom they find asleep. If the person thus rescued is unable to walk, the dog will drag him for a certain distance and by barking he will summon the monks who are ever ready to brave storms and dangers when a human being needs help.

Historic records show that the Hospice was without any dogs up to 1670 A. D. From then on the brethren kept a few watch dogs, but it is not clearly established of what breed they were. These animals soon took delight in accompanying their masters on their many errands of mercy and were quickly appreciated for their unerring sense of location. The race which has for the last 250 years been described as St. Bernards has, according to Prof. Albert Heim of Zurich, the noted naturalist, been gradually developed by the Monks through careful breeding and training in life-saving work. The short-haired variety is the original kind.

In 1830 some of the brethren decided to cross their dogs with Newfoundlands, in order to raise animals which would be protected against the inclement climate with longer hair. However, this crossing did not effect the physical characteristics of the St. Bernards, and only the hair became longer. But experience showed that long hair was not desirable in that high altitude, as the melting and subsequent freezing of the snow produced icicles on the shaggy coats. The result was that the long haired specimens were sold or given away, and this explains why the St. Bernard dogs in the mountains have short hair and those in the lowlands long hair. The long-haired St. Bernards, are, however, accepted as thoroughbreds.

It is said that if the atmosphere is calm a dog gets the scent of a person in distress at a distance of 600—900 feet. If a wind blows toward him he gets it at a distance of several miles. Should a traveler have been overwhelmed by an avalanche a dog will locate him although the snow covering him may be from six to nine feet deep. The dogs sense the approach of storms and avalanches, and numerous incidents have occurred where these sagacious animals went out on their own accord to meet travelers, then, after standing still and surveying the situation, gently conducted them by a detour out of the path of some impending disaster.

It usually takes two years to teach a dog all he must know before he can be trusted out alone as a seeker and guide, but even after this period training is not stopped.

Just as the brethren of the Great St. Bernard are heroes in their work dedicated to humanity, so have the dogs developed heroic qualities which have brought them world fame. Barry was one of these noble beasts and an inscription on a memorial erected to him at the Hospice relates that "he saved forty persons and was killed by the forty-first." The forty-first was a soldier who had been dug out of the snow by Barry. Awakened by the dog the half-dazed man believed himself attacked, and killed the faithful animal with his knife. Barry's monument, showing the dog with a little child seated on his back, glorifies his rescue of a ten-year-old girl. He had found her half-buried in the deep snow, asleep from exhaustion. Gently Barry licked her face until she woke up from her stupor. Then the intelligent animal crouched down and succeeded in getting the little girl to sit on his strong back and in this position he finally carried her through treacherous snow drifts and crevices to the Hospice—a dog hero forever.

Marie Widmer.

# The Home Circle

Conducted by Clare Hampton

## Imitating Mary

The best way in which to honor our Mother in this month of May is, to meditate on her excellencies, her virtues, her beauty of character, and then, try to imitate them. It is not difficult to imitate Mary's life, for she lived a most simple, unostentatious one, with no social position to keep up, no riches to encumber her, no great and glorious deeds to be performed. Her glory consisted in her humility and obedience; so exactly did she practise these two virtues, that she became renowned for them. Her chastity made her shine like a glowing sun, and her prudence and absolute abandonment to God are sublime. Yet, who cannot imitate all of these virtues?

It may be hard at times to obey, to give up one's own will, but it is not impossible; pride is a hard, exacting master, yet it can be overcome, and humility cultivated in its place. Chastity, if preserved from the very start, is not hard to keep, and even if temptations do rage at times, continuous, brave struggle will inevitably bring triumph. Mary was prudent in all that she said and did; she never permitted her tongue to get the best of her; she never gossiped, or gave hasty, angry retorts to those about her; she never quarrelled. Constant vigilance may be the price of a prudent and discreet tongue, but it is well worth the effort, and not impossible of attainment.

Mary trusted in God implicitly; she abandoned herself to Him completely, knowing that He would order all things well, and no matter how uncomfortable things were for her at times, she knew that in His own good time, everything would come right. We may imitate, too, her love of prayer, her housewifely industry, and utter devotion to those in her household; they labored for her, she, in turn, lovingly labored for them.

## Benedictine Missions

This winter has been an exceedingly hard one for our Missions in the Dakotas; in fact, the cold and blizzards have been so severe that these states have been called the Siberia of the United States. If the winter was severe all over the United States, that of the Dakotas has been the worst in 39 years. Below zero temperatures, and such snowfalls, that for weeks at a time, communication was cut off from the rest of the world, and roads became absolutely impassable. Some of the poor Indians were in such straits for fuel that they were obliged to knock down their outbuildings and chop down their porches for fuel, and not a few of them even burned up their furniture.

The wind was so cold that no one could remain outdoors very long, and this, coupled with their undernourished state, and the lack of good, warming food, made the season one of great misery and suffering for them. The Missions are putting forth superhuman efforts to assist all these people, but what with the

tremendous expenses of the schools, where the children are boarded and clothed free, funds have not been adequate to stretch over all that were in need. In fact, the missionaries are all bending under a heavy burden of debt for coal and groceries, for the children must be well fed and kept warm.

A certain chemist who does not wish his name to be known, having read about the Indians' great suffering and want, and the missionaries' heroic efforts to carry on this work merely by mail donations, has donated a product, which is to be sold for the exclusive benefit of the Missions. The bane of every woman's life—runs in silk stockings. This chemist has perfected a product whereby a pair of silk stockings, soaked in it for half an hour and then rinsed and dried, will last three times as long without runs. It toughens the fibres and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric or the tint of the stockings. This product is put up in envelopes containing enough material to soak six pairs of stockings. Soak new stockings in it before wearing, and watch the stocking bills cut down! It is called "Stop-Run" and sells at 15¢ per packet, or two for 25¢.

We are glad to be able to put this product before the readers of THE GRAIL for the benefit of the Missions. Think what it will mean in stocking savings, and besides, what it will mean to the little Mission children! New dresses, waists, trousers, sewing machines, (of which there are never enough), cases and barrels of food, flour, cereal, canned goods, medicines and surgical necessities, schoolbooks, pencils, tablets, money to pay fuel bills.

This product has been put into the hands of Clare Hampton, 5436 Holly Hills Ave., St. Louis, Mo., who has charge of its distribution. Write her for "Stop-Run", enclosing coin with your order.

## The Electric Refrigerator

Keep all food covered in the mechanical refrigerator, so that excessive moisture may not rise and be deposited on the cooling unit. This moisture turns into frost, which insulates the unit, causing the temperature to rise in both the ice compartment and the box itself. Then, too, every time the box is opened, moisture from the outer air is admitted, and this in turn is deposited on the unit, layer by layer, until the frost is too thick to permit circulating air to touch the metal. Food dishes should be arranged in such a manner that those needed most will be in front, so that the door will not have to remain open any longer than necessary. If possible, everything that is needed should be taken out at once, in order to reduce the number of times the door is opened.

Frost should not be permitted to accumulate to any greater depth than one-half inch; if allowed to become thicker than that, say to a depth of one inch, the temperature of the entire refrigerator is raised ten

degrees. Fifty degrees is recognized as the health line, above which the temperature must never rise, if organisms which cause food spoilage are to be prevented from growing. Most refrigerators read sixteen in the chilling unit and forty-four in the good compartment. Thus, if frost is allowed to accumulate to a thickness of an inch, the temperature rises to fifty-four, which is four degrees above the health line.

It is a waste of electricity or gas to permit this thick coating of frost, since the machinery must work twice as hard to chill the food, and usually responds only sluggishly when the control is set for lower temperatures and quicker freezing. Engineers have estimated that fuel consumption may be reduced as much as twenty per cent by careful defrosting at proper times—about every two weeks in summer, every sixteen days in winter.

### *The Grumbler*

Grumbling is a habit, and a bad one. The grumbler goes about seeing what he can growl about—complaining about this, dissatisfied with that, fussing over trifles that should not even be noticed. A grumbler can make a whole family unhappy, for when the rest are bright and cheerful, the grumbler comes around looking for trouble; he will trip over a rug—and blame in vociferous tones the person who placed it in that position. Ten to one he won't even straighten it out so the next person won't fall over it. Then he won't be able to find some possession of his which he carelessly misplaced. He may find it on the dresser of some other room, where he himself laid it in a hurry. Straightway he raises a big fuss, berating soundly the person who, innocently enough, had nothing to do with it.

Then he may find that the newspaper he brought has been taken apart by various members of the family, and carried off to different rooms. Of course, when his majesty goes to read it, he has to go from room to room finding all the parts. But he lets everyone know it. He raises such a furore that everyone gets out of his way, and he keeps at it for such a long time that one wonders where he obtained the great flow of language. But that is not all; it is almost certain that nothing on the table will suit him at any meal. Or if that is not true, then at least one viand at each meal is made wrong, seasoned too much or not enough; if it is fried, he wants it baked, if it is baked, he wants it boiled. Oh, for no particular reason, except that he has so imbued himself into this habit of grumbling, that he simply cannot pass up an occasion of exercising it. How easy it would be to pass up all these little discomforts in silence; find the thing that was lost, pick up the parts of the newspaper, eat the unliked food or leave it alone without a word. Try wearing a smile and being pleasant about everything!

### *Colorful Foods*

In the Spring, the housewife's fancy lightly turns—to the making of colorful jams and jellies out of berries, as they come in season in quick succession: Strawberries first, then raspberries, red and then black, cherries, blackberries, currants, and last of all, red plums,

quinces and damsons. Blue plums and grapes come much later, but there are plenty of possibilities in the above-mentioned array, to say nothing of peaches and apricots, which follow on the heels of the red plums.

Besides putting up jars and glasses of these sparkling, tempting goodies, treasures of tree and field and hedgerow, there are countless ways of using these gifts of a beneficent Providence in connection with baking. Besides being hailed with delight by the entire family, they have the added advantage of being quick and easy to prepare. It takes but a half hour or so to pick over and wash some berries, mix a quick pastry or biscuit dough, and combine the two in anyone of ten or more simple ways that will "go over like a million" with the head of the family and the brood as well. A good way to prevent berries from leaking out of the pie is, to place them in a saucepan with the required amount of sugar, heat them until the sugar is melted and boiling, then add a few shakes of flour from a salt-shaker and stir carefully while the juice thickens—just a minute or two—then pour into the pastry-lined pan. To prevent the edges of a pie from leaking juice, take a pastry brush, or a tiny pad of clean cloth, wet with water and brush the edge all around. It will never leak. Another precaution: to prevent the lower crust from being soggy, add a half teaspoon of baking powder to the dough for one pie, and make it a slight bit thicker than for ordinary pies. Patty shells filled with slightly stewed cherries or berries are a good change, and ordinary layer cake dough, baked thin to form a number of layers, is good with strawberry jam between.

### *Household Hints*

If something spills in the oven beneath the low wire rack, take the long-handled fork, place a very wet cloth over it and reach under the rack, rubbing back and forth; the liquid will be easily mopped up. If this is done at once, it will prevent burning, an unpleasant odor, and smoke in the kitchen.

If lids are used on skillets while frying, it will save the kitchen from becoming grease-laden; fried foods taste just as well cooked with a lid on, even if necessary to cook with a high flame. Try it and see; the idea that it will not taste as well is nonsense.

### *Recipes*

**OLD-FASHIONED MOLASSES COOKIES:** Mix 3 cups molasses, 1½ cups melted shortening and 10 tablespoons boiling water. Add ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and 8 cups flour, mixed with 4 teaspoons baking soda. Let stand in cool place for an hour, then turn out on floured board and cut ¼" thick. Sprinkle with sugar and bake in hot oven 15 minutes. (425° F.)

**SALMON CROQUETTES:** Mix 1 can salmon, skinned, boned and chopped up, with 1 minced onion, 1 egg, 1 chopped green pepper, 1 chopped carrot, ½ cup cooked rice and 2 cups canned tomatoes, salt and pepper to taste. Mash all together in mixing bowl with wire potato masher. Form into croquettes, dip in egg and bread crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve with seasoned hot tomato puree.

# Children's Corner

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Benedict,  
Ferdinand, Indiana

## The School

There is a little brook  
Down by my grandpa's farm,  
Within a shady nook  
That's where the fish will swarm.

Beneath the rustic bridge  
They seem to like it best.  
The bank's a grassy ridge  
Just made for boys to rest.

That's where you'll find our "school,"  
No summer has yet been missed;  
But we make it our rule  
Our "school" is one of fish.

(R. Coudret '36  
St. Joseph's School  
Evansville, Indiana)

## To Saint Joseph

St. Joseph, help us in our needs,  
To Jesus make us dear,  
May all our thoughts and words and deeds  
Be blest with love sincere!

O father of the powerful King,  
Thy children call on Thee,  
Our loving prayers to thee we bring,  
That we may faithful be.

Protect us on life's hard pathway  
Be near us till the end,  
Then ne'er from duty shall we stray  
While we have thee as friend.

(Mary Fehn, '36  
St. Joseph's School  
Evansville, Indiana)

In a country school this sentence was given out to be parsed: "Mary milks the cow."

Coming to the last word, the pupil thus disposed of it: "Cow is a noun, feminine gender, singular number, third person, and stands for Mary."

"Stands for Mary!" exclaimed the excited master. "Explain!"

"Because," replied the pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could she milk it?"

"Well now, since you are so bright, you may tell us what mood—"

"The cow, Sir!"

## The Old Castle

I wander round queer crumbling towers  
In dark, grim castles old,  
Surrounded by green ivy bowers  
Which cover greyish mold.

There hang the proud, quaint coat-of-arms  
Within the dreary halls,  
There, riddled flags of battle's storms  
And rusty cannon balls.

Still stand the weather-beaten towers  
With dingy, wierd, old bells,  
So oft have they chimed out the hours  
And echoed through the dells.

Now turned to rust are all the cords  
By which those bells were tolled,  
And those who heard, those grand old lords  
Are dust—in tombs of gold.

(Adeline Elsner, '36  
St. Joseph's School  
Evansville, Indiana)

## The Star

Oh, little Star how bright you shine  
With all your twinkling light;  
When Christ had come you gave the sign  
To Kings that holy night.

The God Who has created you  
Is the Eternal One,  
In you His love is shining through,  
The Father, Spirit, Son.

(Imelda Koressel, '36  
St. Joseph's School  
Evansville, Indiana)

Willie swallowed a penny, and his mother was in a state of alarm.

"Helen," she called to her sister in the next room, "send for a doctor; Willie has swallowed a penny!"

The terrified and frightened boy looked up imploringly.

"No, mamma," he interposed, "send for the minister."

"The minister?" asked his mother, incredulously. "Why the minister?"

"Because papa says he can get money out of anybody."



## Historical Calendar

- May 1—1893—World's Fair opened in Chicago.  
1898—Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet at Manila.
- May 2—1868—Impeachment of President Johnson quashed by majority of two votes.  
1881—First sod for the Canadian Pacific railroad was turned.
- May 3—1813—Hacre de Grace, Maryland, burned by the British.  
1915—Opening of the new Celilo Canal celebrated at Lewistown, Idaho.  
Confederate Memorial Day in South Carolina.
- May 4—1776—Rhode Island declared its independence of Great Britain.  
1865—President Abraham Lincoln was buried at Springfield, Ill.
- May 5—1893—Chinese exclusion act came into force in the United States.  
1902—First congress of the Cuban Republic met at Havana.
- May 6—1840—Postage stamps first used in England. America adopted them seven years later.  
1856—Accident on the new Panama railroad; 43 killed and 60 injured.
- May 7—1848—Polish insurgents surrendered to the Russians at Posen, after great slaughter.  
1915—Sinking of Lusitania.
- May 8—1816—U. S. S. Washington, the first American ship of the line, put to sea.  
1913—Underwood tariff bill passed the House of Representatives.
- May 9—1502—Columbus sailed on his fourth voyage across the Atlantic.  
1781—The Spaniards took possession of Pensacola and all Florida.
- May 10—1873—New York banks stopped specie payment; other American banks followed same course.  
1871—Alsace-Lorraine ceded by France to Germany as spoils of Franco-Prussian War.
- May 11—1891—The Czar of Russia was attacked by a fanatic and wounded at Kioto, Japan.
- May 12—1789—Tammany Society was formed in New York.  
1914—Popular elections of U. S. Senators provided in bill passed by the U. S. Senate.
- May 13—1607—First English settlement in America at Jamestown, Va.  
1884—Congress gave Alaska civil government.
- May 14—1787—Convention assembled to draft the U. S. Constitution.
- 1804—Lewis and Clarke started up the Mississippi River to explore the Western country.
- 1870—Riots and barricades in the streets of Paris.
- May 15—1778—Congress passed the measure for instituting government by the people.  
1862—The famous raider Alabama, built for Confederate service, was launched in England.
- May 16—1860—National Republican convention at Chicago nominated Abraham Lincoln.  
1862—Conscription went into effect in the Confederate states.
- May 17—1803—Patent granted for first American contrivance for reaping machine.  
1900—Relief of Mafeking, after holding out since previous October against the Boers.
- May 18—1785—St. John, N. B., chartered, the oldest incorporated town in Canada.  
1898—Peace conference assembled at the Hague.  
1914—Panama canal was opened for regular barge traffic.
- May 19—1815—United States opened its seventh war to punish the pirates of Algiers.  
1865—Jeff Davis imprisoned at Fortress Monroe, Va.
- May 20—1749—First fire engine used in America, at Salem, Mass.  
1902—Cuba became independent. United States turned over the government of the island to the elected officials.
- May 21—1542—Ferdinand de Soto, Spanish adventurer, died while exploring the Mississippi River.  
\* 1867—Royal proclamation issued declaring British North American provinces one under name of "Canada."
- May 22—1819—First passage of the Atlantic attempted by steam; steamer Savannah sailed from Savannah for Liverpool.  
1915—Deaths from the plague in India for one year were 750,000.
- May 23—1899—Empire Day was first celebrated in Canada.  
1914—Japan ratified the arbitration treaty with the United States.  
1915—Thomas A. Edison announced the invention of the telescribe, an apparatus for recording telephone conversations.
- May 24—1844—First telegraph message sent by Morse from Washington to Baltimore.  
1873—Marshal McMahon elected president of the French Republic.

- May 25—1743—American Philosophical Society, oldest scientific organization in America was founded by Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia.
- May 26—1864—Montana was organized as a territory.  
1870—Fenian raid into Canada from the United States was repelled by the militia.
- May 27—1905—Japanese fleet annihilated the Russian fleet in the Sea of Japan.  
1914—President Wilson dedicated the American University at Washington.
- May 28—1818—First steamboat launched on Lake Erie the "Walk in the Water."  
1864—Beginning of Maximilian's reign in Mexico. Three years later he was taken from his prison cell and shot.
- May 29—1848—Wisconsin was admitted into the Union.  
1914—Steamer Empress of Ireland collided with collier in St. Lawrence river; nearly 1,000 lives lost.  
1918—Americans capture Cantigny.
- May 30—1431—Joan of Arc, the heroine of France, burned at the stake by the English.  
1868—President Garfield delivered the address on the first Memorial day at the Arlington National Cemetery.
- May 31—1839—Record for crossing Atlantic was lowered to thirteen days and eight hours by steamer Great Western.  
1889—Flood of Johnstown, Pa., bursting of a dam, destroyed 2,295 lives.

### Some Unusual Vegetables

Some of the newer vegetables which have appeared on our markets, are, broccoli, globe artichokes, Jerusalem artichokes, Chinese cabbage, cardoons, salsify and okra. Broccoli is comparatively new to our country, although in Italy it has long been used. It belongs to the cabbage family, and tastes and is somewhat similar in appearance to the cauliflower, except that the heads are smaller and coarser and are yellowish green or purple. The leaves are more loosely arranged on the stem. Although Americans have become acquainted with this vegetable only two or three years ago, it has been known and used in Italy as far back as the third century A. D.

In preparing it, the large leaves should be removed, and the stems with the small leaves and the head, thoroughly washed and boiled in salt water with a pinch of soda. The stem should be scraped before dropping it into the boiling water. It should be immersed in about six cups of water and cooked with the lid off, as this preserves the fresh green color and prevents a strong taste. It should be cooked only until tender, then taken from the water until drained; neither should it stand in cold water before cooking. Just wash and drop into boiling water. It may be served with melted butter or Hollandaise sauce.

There are two kinds of artichokes—globe and Jerusalem; the first looks somewhat like a green pineapple, while the Jerusalem artichoke resembles a potato. The globe artichoke should be chosen while green, as they are not so tender when the color changes; they should also have a stem an inch or two long, as the stem helps to keep them in good condition. The ends of the petals are cut off, and only the inner portions used; they are boiled in salt water and served just as broccoli with melted butter or Hollandaise sauce. Sometimes they are stuffed, sliced and fried, or used in soups and salads.

### The Value of Tomato Juice

Tomato juice is essentially a food—and a food of unusual value. Millions of people drink it merely because they "like it", but it really has a scientific value. The tomato is an acid fruit, combining the tang of citric acid, as found in oranges, lemons and limes, with malic acid, as found in apples. In addition, valuable minerals, including calcium, phosphate and iron, are present. When included in the normal diet, these important fruit acids and mineral salts form a desirable nutritional combination with the proteins, fats and carbohydrates present in other foods. Contrary to popular belief, tomato juice does not produce acidity when assimilated. In fact, scientific nutrition recognizes its valuable anti-acid properties.

Once the tomato was called "apple of paradise"—in fact, in some languages, it still has that name. Legend has it that the tomato and not the apple was the forbidden fruit which Eve ate and gave to Adam, thus pulling down the walls of Paradise about her ears, and condemning the lot of us to hard labor "in the sweat of our brow". However that was, the tomato was not always the beautiful, delectable fruit it now is; when first discovered, it bore small, round fruits, hardly larger than blue plums, and the flavor was negligible. Constant, painstaking cultivation by gardeners and truckmen over a great stretch of years, however, has brought it to its present high state of perfection.

Besides being a pleasant-tasting article of the diet, the generous supply of vitamins which it contains, makes it an essential food for good health, growth and vigor. Hence today we are careful to give it to infants, in alternation with orange juice. To increase its nutritional qualities, an adult may even take it as a between-meal snack shaken up with part cream or milk, adding a little salt to taste.

### Godey's Lady's Book

The above-named periodical, the first of its kind, was the forerunner of our women's magazines, and had a woman editor, a field up to that time unheard of as an occupation for the fair sex. But it was necessary that first suggested such a periodical to Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, (1826) for, having suddenly become a widow at thirty-eight, with five small children to support, she was obliged to look about for something which pre-

sented wage-earning possibilities. Being of a literary turn of mind, she conceived the idea of a woman's magazine, containing departments not unlike those of the present-day ladies' magazines, and in a short time, her paper became the most widely circulated periodical of her times.

Although she stepped from the all-enveloping shelter of an early nineteenth century marriage untrained for business, and unschooled by contacts outside the home, necessity brought out her inherent qualities, for she was not only a good editor, but a leader in many national movements, and the first to advocate many reforms for her sex. Besides her labors on the magazine, she found time to write some two dozen books and hundreds of poems, the best known being the children's rhyme, "Mary had a little lamb."

Those were Victorian times, and no really genteel woman was ever supposed to work; yet she had her children to support, having been left penniless by her husband's death, so she plunged into the work no one else had thought about—publishing a magazine exclusively for women. Underneath her modest conventionalism, there was yet a concealed driving force, which made of her a leader in many praiseworthy movements, a promoter, and reformer. She discussed these reforms in the pages of her magazine, besides having departments on cookery, and pictures of quaint dress fashions for women, the kind that required yards upon yards of material for one dress or coat. There were also articles on interior decorating, and plans for model homes.

### *It Must Be the Milk*

There is a thought that I have tried not to but cannot help but think,

Which is, My goodness, how much infants resemble people who have had quite a bit too much to drink.

Tots, tots,  
Sots, tots;

So different and yet so identical!

What a humiliating coincidence for pride parental!

Yet when you see your precious little dumpling set sail across the nursery floor,

Can you conscientiously deny the resemblance to somebody who is leaving a tavern after having tried to leave it a dozen times and each time turned back for just one more?

Each step achieved

Is simply too good to be believed;

Foot somehow follows foot

And somehow manages to stay put;

Arms wildly semaphore,

Wild eyes seem to ask, Whatever did we get in such a dilemma for?

Doggedly they pursue their course,

Which is as devious as testimony in a contested divorce,

And their gait is more that of a duckling

than a Greek goddessling or godling,

And in inebriates it's called staggering but in infants it's called toddling.

Another kinship with toppers is also by infants exhibited, Which is that they are completely uninhibited, And reticence is not their outstanding quality, And by saying and doing whatever they want whenever they want to they create rather more embarrassment than jollity,

Such as when some honored guest has a bald spot or a wart or a wooden leg, so that baldness and warts and wooden legs are topics of which you have studiously avoided all mention,

Why, that's the very thing to which they over and over again loudly call everybody's attention.

And they can't talk straight

Any more than they can walk straight;

Their pronunciation is awful

And their grammar is flawed,

And in adults it's maudlin and deplorable,

But in infants it's tunnin' and adorable,

So I hope you will agree that it is very hard to tell an infant from somebody who has gazed too long into the cup,

And really the only way you can tell them apart is to wait till next day, and the infant is the one that feels all right when it wakes up.

—Ogden Nash in the *New Yorker*.

### *Impressing God*

(Continued from page 6)

of the catacombs, a figure of a woman with arms extended toward heaven is the recognized figure of the Church at prayer. Another instance we draw from the account of the death of St. Benedict, who died standing in his oratory with arms outstretched to heaven in prayer."

The Cynic had a wicked looking grin on his face. "Now who's drawing the crowd," he said. I looked around; he had steered me into the soap box orator's audience.

### *The Angel Guardian*

(Continued from page 11)

Safe Building. Call on him and tell him everything. Tell it well, for everything depends on the telling. As a safe expert you will be worth a salary to the new concern, and Ashley will be your friend for life."

Darkness had fallen. Clinchy looked into the park towards the place where he had first seen Ashley. He moved his head as though he were bidding good-bye to somebody who still lingered there. Then he turned and walked eastward towards the Elevated station on Third Avenue.

*Hello, Ma!**(Continued from page 15)*

milk to the creamery. Pa says he will plant twenty acres of tobacco this year.

Be polite, charitable, kind and thoughtful to Cousin Eileen. Give her my love and Pa's regards.

You spoke of the raccoon coat Pa and I bought for you as though it was not much. It cost three hundred dollars and we bought it three years ago, and not five as you wrote.

Your loving,  
Mother

Halescourt, Oconomowoc,  
Thursday night, the fifteenth.

Darling Ma:

Just got your letter. I bet Pa and Joey are having a swell time at Madison—so educational I mean.

Oh, Ma, I am having so many good times packed into my days. The deep snows only add pleasure to my stay at Halescourt. There are three attics full of costumes, decorations and all sorts of things. We had a Valentine dance, a bob-ride, skating parties and cross country hikes. Every night we have a party—dancing and refreshments.

It is like the Riviera, St. Moritz, Palm Beach, Chandler, Arizona and Florida all in one—only for the weather.

We hike into a blizzard and come back to eat. Hawkins always has the most tempting lunches—cider and doughnuts; club sandwiches and coffee; toast and tea. The fireplaces are always blazing and the entire house is an even temperature. When I think of my two months at Huck School—where cold, scantiness and unkindness prevailed—Ma, I thank the Lord for allowing me this break. Yes, I say my prayers, Ma.

Miss Clarice is a darling. Her hobby is guns! You guessed that one right, Ma. She has one hall full of them—hanging on the wall.

She has open house *all the time*. The very best people from Chicago, Milwaukee, and Janesville have homes here.

Ma, we pass Danforth Lodge every day. It is empty. Ma, try to picture *the largest frame*

*house in the world* and you have Danforth Lodge. There are bulls' heads mounted and nailed on the outside of the house; a sunken garden, and a gardener's cottage as big as the Avalon grange hall. The carriage shed is full of old-fashioned buggies, whips and coachmen's suits.

The Anson K. Whipples of Sharon, Wisconsin, live  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile across the field on Lac La Belle. There is a wonderful family named O'Small living on Laulamere Lake. They have seven servants. (Miss Clarice has ten.) Smalls have eight sons and one daughter. Her name is Jet Black O'Small—because she had jet black hair when she was born. Isn't that romantic, Ma?

Miss Edith—the deaf Miss Hale—had a seamstress in to fix over some clothes for me. She said they were just a few clothes that were lying around. I am positively a knockout. Sport, formal and what have you. She bought me six pairs of shoes and a pair of riding boots. In the living room closet are lumberjacks, caps, mufflers, wool sox, hiking boots, mittens and all sorts of winter togs for the guests, Oh, Ma, I love it here.

We have our breakfast in bed and a heavy lunch at noon. Then there is a table always laden with food in the living room. We lunch often—maybe four times between luncheon and dinner.

Miss Clarice says we must eat if we would keep fit. She stays in her room every day until luncheon, *sleeping*, and is always ready to stay up until all hours. Ma, you would love her. She is something like Aunt Mame.

It is late at night as I write. We had a dance and Miss Clarice is still up. My fire is blazing and I have all the lights—seven—on. I am eating a persimmon. Hawkins knows I like them and keeps my room well supplied. . . . .  
INTERRUPTION

It was Hawkins knocking at my door—like Barnacle Bill the Sailor—to inquire if my boots were dry, and could he take them off for me? Oh, Ma, the service is sublime. I am praying to stay here always.

Ma, I never got a good look at him before. He is handsome, courtly, of proud bearing, about twenty-six and he looks like you, Ma. His hair is curly and he has such blue, blue



eyes—like yours, Ma. And the trace of a shadow beneath them, Ma—like yours and Aunt Mame's.

We are having a picnic on the ice in the middle of Oconomowoc Lake tomorrow—the O'Smalls, the Whipples and the Dixons. I can hardly wait. A picnic in the winter! Isn't that thrillingly romantic, Ma? Well, nighty night, Ma. I must get some sleep so I will be on the spring.

Love,  
Kay

The Farm  
Avalon, Wisconsin,  
Saturday, Feb. 17.

Dearest daughter:

May the Lord guard you! A man in your room! And him a hired girl! And taking off your shoes! Have you no shame? Are you stark, staring mad? Don't you ever think of me and your Aunt Mame and your father? Did you ever see Henry McCann let a man take off his shoes? No!! He has some decency. No one but his mother and I ever took Hank McCann's shoes off.

Don't you know you should set a good example for your younger sisters and brothers? You give them scandal with your gluttony and your too-free way with this Hawkins.

I'd like Clarice, would I? I would not! And she is like my sister, Mame Ward, is she? She is not!! Clarice lies abed until noon and Mame is up with the sun.

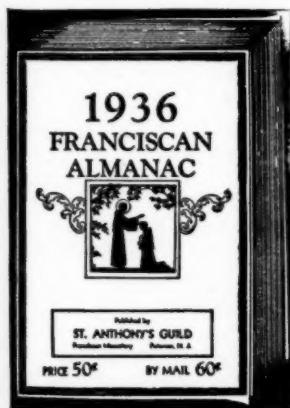
I would drive over and get you only the roads are impassable. The plows make little progress. Jim Boyle told me between here and Clinton Corners the snow is eleven feet high—in some places.

When I trusted you with your third cousin, Eileen Bridget Doody, I trusted her. I had no idea she was a loose-moraled old baggage who passed through life with her eyes closed, taking all and giving nothing—not even a bit of advice to a country girl like yourself.

Cousin Eileen was reared in a convent in Paris. Much good it did her. I cannot understand her. Does this hired-girl-man wait on her as he does on you?

Society folks are strange. It would be far decenter to have girls for their hired girls instead of men.

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I call it a shoddy way to live when you take clothes from a deaf woman—and an old woman at that. I would be independent. You can come home and drive the milk truck to the creamery, or marry Jim Boyle—anything just so you keep your independence and keep your soul stainless.

Leeches. Yes, leeches. And Jet Black O'Small is not romantic. It is asinine.

And this coffee drinking you write about is most dangerous. Hawkins may put a sleeping potion in yours. You have heard of such things. It happened at the grange hall in Emerald Grove last year to Emmy Wilder.... You remember.... Stop eating lunches. Eat at meal times only—for your own safety.

And about Danforth Lodge: If it is empty and deserted how come you know every last article in the carriage shed? Be careful, Kay McCann. High society may turn you into a house breaker, and you know where you will end, don't you?

Steer clear of Hawkins and take off your own shoes. It is indecent to have a man for a lady's maid, and you were ever so independent. I cannot understand your lazy ways.

Miss Mennessey, the teacher who is in your place here, is sick at her home—117 Court street, Janesville—and your sister Mary is teaching and doing good work.

True, she has no normal training but everyone knows she has Plus A's all through her four years in high school, and they must know she knows how to teach.

I hope she can stay at it—not that I am wishing Miss Hennessey ill luck—but Mary wants to be earning.

Go to bed at nine and get up at six. You could soon have Miss Clarice and her entire household doing the same. It would be doing missionary work, too—living like a Christian. You act like those who live in igloos.

Your worried mother,

Kate McCann

Halecourt, February 19,  
Late at night in my room.

Mother darling:

The snow is mountains high and we have had all sorts of winter sports—just like St. Moritz. Jet Black O'Small and two of her brothers, D'Arcy and Lionel, were here for din-

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ner Saturday night and got snowed in. They have been here since and we have had loads of fun.

We play hide-and-seek in the snow drifts, behind the garage, in the greenhouse and in the hay. Miss Clarice is never it because she can run so good.

I never knew there was such happiness in the world; such beautiful things; such wonderful people; such delight in just living. When I recall how unhappy I was last fall about my home school and how horribly unhappy (and put upon) I was at Huck School I know that all that sorrow was to prepare me for this joy.

I must go to bed.... am sleepy....

Next day—

Hawkins is just tramping in with the mail. Broad and strong he looks, and vitally dynamic. I told him after luncheon I was dying for a letter from my mother and he walked to Oconowoc—two long miles—to make me happy.

I hope he has a letter for me—from you, Ma. I've told him all about you and Pa—and Aunt Mame, of course. He says he knows you and Pa.

—\*\*\*\*He raps at my door.... Be calm, heart of mine. 'Tis but the butler..

He gave me your letter. I thanked him—not too profusely—and sat myself at the fire to read what you had to say.

Ma, you are all wrong. I did not break into Mrs. P. A. Valentine's house, Dandforth Lodge. I saw through the windows. I observe more than the ordinary girl because I am observant.

Ma, why shouldn't a butler take off my shoes? You take Pa's shoes off. That is footman work and if he is not kept busy Miss Hale would have to let him go. I thought it sweet charity to give him little tasks to do—but if you insist on my taking off my own shoes I will.

Hawkins shines our shoes and picks up our coats.

Cousin Eileen is not bad, Ma. She is so good herself and knows everyone else can be good if they want that she holds her peace. She does not preach on every uninhabited stump and box she passes—not that I mean you, Ma—. Just generalities.

Ma, Miss Edith is not old. Forty-two. Clarice is eighteen years older. Their mother died

when Edith was born and Clarice spent her life making Edith happy.

There are four brothers between Clarice and Edith. Three are married. Allan, the single one is an archaeologist in Panama. They expect him home any day.

The other three—Boyd, Cloyd and Amoroyd—live in Chicago and their children are coming out here Thursday to stay a week. These children are grown up—or nearly so.

Boyd has three: Clarede—named after Cloyd and Edith, Boyd and Mary.

Cloyd has four: Adaclar—a contraction for Edith and Clarice, Cloall—after Cloyd and Allen, Mary and Virginia.

Isn't it darling the way they name their children after their brothers and sisters?

Amoroyd has only two children, a boy and a girl—Alled, after Allan and Edith, and Claramm, after Clarice and himself.

Isn't it romantic? Full of erudition, culture and ease?

A house party, Ma!! All my hours are happily appointed until then.

Love to Pa, Joey, Mary, Ben, Eileen and Aunt Mame.

Affectionately,  
Kay

(To be continued)

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